

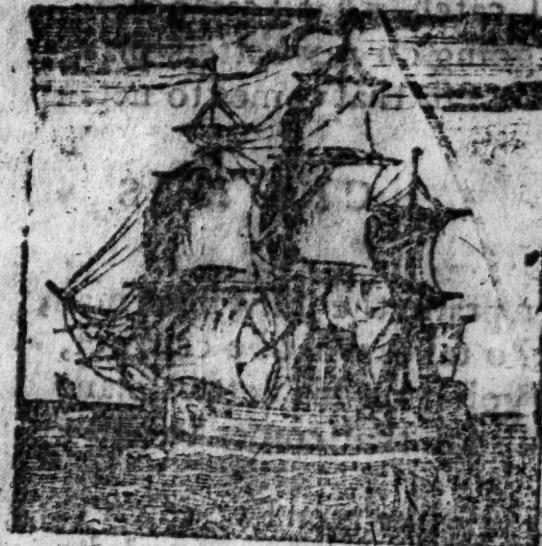
THE JOLLY

12

Fisherman.

to which are added

2. *Bold Renard the Fox.*
3. *The Maid of Primrose Hill.*
4. *Wind softly tell my Love.*



Alnwick Printed.

(- 2 -)



The jolly Fisherman.



I am a jolly fisherman,
I catch what I can get,
Still going on my betters plan,
All's fish that comes to net.

CHORUS

Then praise the jolly fisherman,
who takes what he can get,
Still going on his betters plan,
all's fish that comes to net.

Fish just like men I've often caught,
crabs, gudgeons, poor John, cod fish,
And many a time to market brought,
a devilish sight of odd fish.



3
Thus all are fishermen through life,
with weary pains and labour,
This bait; with gold and that a wife,
and all to catch his neighbour.

The pike to catch the little fry,
extends his greedy jaw,
For all the world as you and I,
have been your man of law.

He who to laziness devotes
his time, is sure a numb fish,
And members who give silent votes,
May fairly be called dumb fish.

False friends to eels we may compare,
the roach resembles true ones,
Like gold fish we find old ones rare,
plenty as herrings new ones.

Like fish then mortals are a trade,
and trap'd, and sold, and bought,
The old wife and the tender maid,
are both with tickling caught.

Indeed the fair are caught 'tis said,
if you but throw the line in,
With maggots, flies, or something red,
or any thing that's shining.

With small fish you must lie in wait
 for those of high condition,
 But it is alone a golden bait,
 can catch a learn'd physician.



Bold Renard the Fox.



MOST gentlemen take a delight,
 In hunting bold renard the fox,
 Near to Gaffer Gill's I dwelt,
 I fed upon geese and ducks :
 Near to Gaffer Gill's I did lie,
 Not thinking so soon for to die,
 But was set by a fresh pack of hounds,
 And was forc'd my country to fly.

' I was through stony fields I rambled,
 I liv'd at an extravagant rate,
 Young lambs I picked their bones,
 O the farmers did me hate,
 The lords for the king's hounds did send;
 Jerry Balsom he swore I should die,



But I've left two brothers behind me,
That love young lambs better than I.

'Twas through the wild country I
rambled,
Where the bold thirsty hounds did me
follow,
It made my old coat stand an end,
To hear how the huntsmen did hollow;
It's oftentimes I've been surprised,
By the dog that would run like a cow,
But in the whole course of my life,
I ne'er got a breathing till now.

It's forty five miles I run them,
I run it in three hours space,
Oh pardon, dear huntsmen, I know it,
How sweetly you followed your chace,
'Twas near Simon Stewart's I run,
Where the gamekeeper shot through my
thigh,
Oh pardon dear huntsmen and hounds,
By this fatal shot I must die.

'Twas in Stonyfields that they killed
me,
And there I was forced to die;
The dogs then they tore me in pieces,
And made my old coat for to fly:
But since you have bold renard kill'd

You may go to the Dolphin and dine
 And put my foot in a brazier,
 And drink the lord's health in good
 wine.

The Maid of Primrose Hill.

TWAS under Primrose Hill there
 liv'd
 a sweet and pretty maid,
 Not Venus could give more delight,
 when you her charms survey'd.
 For the Lillies fair, and the roses there,
 they did combine and both entwine,
 To form a beauty rare.

This fair one many suitors had,
 but treated them with scorn,
 Till William who could play and dance,
 came tripping c'er the lawn;
 He sung so sweet and was dress'd so neat,



that maidens fair they did declare,
Their love for William great.

Sweet maid of Primrose hill he cry'd,
I come a wooing here,
Then do not thou my love reject,
Nor treat me too severe;
For this heart so true, is fix'd on you,
I'll constant be to only thee,
Thou flower of rosy hue.

The maid she gave her head a toss
reply'd with snornful air,
I wonder why you can to me,
Your faithless love declare,
For suitors great in land and state,
have offered me there bride to be,
So you do come too late.

Then William hung his head with grief,
And said proud girl adieu,
I'll quit your charms for wars alarms,
and glory I'll pursue;
For love must yield to Mars the field,
the fife and drum invite to come,
I'll poise the spear and shield.

Then with a smile she call'd him back,
and said dear William stay

I did but jest to see you love,
 so go not now away,
 To church they did repair
 and married at it they were,
 The bells did ring, and music sound,
 to crown the happy pair.

Wind softly tell my love.

WIND softly tell my love,
 You brought home his dove
 Say poor Louisa flies to her mate:
 Smooth was the ocean,
 And swift was our motion,
 He was my haven, and absence my fate.
 Wind softly, &c.

Yet the lamb straying,
 Thro' the meads playing,
 Creeping wild flowers on the precipice
 brink:
 Joys surrounding,
 Sporting, bounding,
 Nor on fond Phillis the wanton will think
 Wind softly, &c.

